[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

Death of Astronomer Mitchell.

"He is sent for to the Presence."—*Arabic.*

One more! and this the noblest of the train:
Like the grand star that guards the skirts of night,
Could he not stray above our murky plain!
Till the fair dayspring bless our aching sight—
That beam millennial which salutes the Right?
Inexorable Fate the beam will hold
With equal hand, and show our scale as light,
Tho' youth, and strength, and wealth are fully tolled—
Genius must follow yet, and mingle with the gold.

His feet were 'customed to the Milky Way,
On his high errand he but turned aside,
Like old Samaria's Traveller, to stay
The blood and tears abandoned by vile Pride.
And as he knelt at the poor victim's side,
"To other ears a sound, to his a song"
Came from the concave in a mighty tide.
Lo! from his loitering see him speed along—
His mantle and his faith to all of us belong!

He died where pois'nous weeds and poisoned hearts
Stifle the life of body and of soul;
From the cursed realm all loveliness departs
As birds and flowers fly from the icy Pole.
Rush to the rescue of the old control;
Through fire and blood redeem each hill and dell.
And when this dread sirocco hence shall roll
(Onward or backward) to its native hell,
Sharon's unfading rose shall flourish where he fell!

TAKING UP A COLLECTION.—A reverend gentleman of Missouri tells the following story:

The life of a preacher in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more populous communities usually appears to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of the older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground, upon terms of easy familiarity, and restrained by no irksome conventionalities. People in a new country generally have a pretty hard time of it. They live a sort of a "rough and tumble" life, wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material often absorbs completely the spiritual; and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher that they have to be powerfully "stirred up" from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding elder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our preacher "ary dime," as the boys say and we expected a scouring from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. He preached us a moving discourse from the text "*owe no man anything.*" At the close of the sermon, he came at once to the subject in hand.

"Brethren," said he "have you paid Brother——anything this year? Nothing at all, I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on air, and you must pay up—pay up, thats the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection *now.*"

Here some of the audience near the door began to "slide" out.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, lock that door, and fetch me the key," he continued, coming down from the pulpit and taking his seat at the stand-table in front.

The steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now steward," said he, "go around with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation was taken all aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties. The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table. The elder poured "the funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start, brethren! Go round again steward, We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the steward with his hat, again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters. Not enough yet. Go round again, steward."

Around goes the steward the third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half! Mighty slow, brethren! 'Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat them! Go round again, steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fidgety. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly but surely the "pile" on the table swelled toward the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside; a hand was thrust in holding a half dollar between the thumb andfinger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed;

"Here, Parson, here's your money. Let my gal out 'o there; I'm tired of waitin for her."

"It was the last hair that broke the camels back; and the preacher could exclaim, in the language of Ike Turtle, "this meetin's done bust up."

A Southside View of the War.

[From the Providence Journal.]

Mr. Charles B. Richardson of New York has republished an exceedingly interesting volume, published at Richmond, and written by Edward A. Pollard, well known as an editor of a Richmond journal, and also somewhat widely known as author of a book entitled Black Diamonds. This work is called "The First Year of the War." It has passed to a second edition in the south, and is well worthy of perusal, as it affords a view of the war from the south side, and abounds in racy criticisms of Jeff. Davis and his policy. We should like, if we had room, to make copious extracts from the work. We propose to direct attention to some points of special interest in it. We aim to give glimpses of the author's views, not now to criticise them.

It is very noticeable that throughout the whole book the rebel government is censured for incompetency, failure to understand the exigencies of the times and to meet them when perceived, slowness, and neglect of its best officers; and our government is lauded for its enterprise and activity, its quickness in availing itself of advantages gained, and the wisdom of its preparations for the work it had undertaken. One is often tempted to ask in reading the volume whether the author has not borrowed some articles from northern newspapers and dexterously adapted them to his purpose by changing the name of the administration assailed and of the administration praised.

We have been accustomed to say that the rebel authorities ordered the attack on Sumter in order "to fire the southern heart." This writer says that "the sending provisions to a starving garrison was an ingenious artifice to commence the war that the federal government had resolved on."

In proceeding to describe the battle of Rich Mountain, in Western Virginia, the author says:

"In the progress of the history of the war we shall meet with frequent repetitions of the lesson of how the improvident spirit of the south in placing small forces in isolated localities was taken advantage of by the quick strategic movements and the overwhelming numbers of the north."

Though evidently friendly to General Garnett, who was killed in the retreat, the writer, in effect, admits that the general showed a want of skill.

The description of the battle of Manassas or Bull Run forms one of the most interesting chapters of the volume. According to the author, one of the most remarkable features of the battle was that it was fought by the rebels without any other plan than to suit the contingencies arising out of the development of McDowell's designs, as it appeared in the progress of the action. Beauregard had formed several plans, but all had been defeated by circumstances. He had been unwilling to receive the federal army on the defensive line of Bull Run, and had determined to attack at Centreville. But Johnson's forces did not arrive soon enough from Winchester. Meantime McDowell passed on to the attack. We cannot follow the narrative in detail. But it is painfully interesting to see the clear proofs here that early in the afternoon the victory was entirely within our grasp, owing to our overwhelming attacks on the rebel left. The troops in front of Burnside's brigade, consisting of the Seventy-first New York State Militia, First and Second Rhode Island Militia, and Second New Hampshire Volunteers, are represented to have suffered most, and to have suffered terribly. It was not till afternoon that Beauregard fully penetrated the plan of McDowell. "The condition of the battle-field," says the writer, "was now, at the least, desperate. Our left flank was overpowered." The reinforcements were brought up, and the sequel every one knows but too well.

Mr. Pollard is unsparing in his criticism of the rebel commanders and the rebel government for not pushing on to the capture of Washington. He also says that in the final result the victory was a misfortune to the south, because it inspired the people with a false confidence, and led them to believe that peace would soon ensue, and therefore they neglected to make preparations for the future, while the north, with tremendous energy, called half a million of new men into the field, fitted out four extensive armadas to fall upon a defenceless line of seacoast, opened a new theatre of war in the west and on the Mississippi, and covered the frontiers of half a continent with her armies and navies. The energy displayed by the Washington government, he continues, is perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon of the war.

He says that Scott fell from popular favor by a righteous retribution, and that there is no reason to suppose that McClellan, who succeeded him, was anything more than the creature of a feeble popular applause.

In describing the first campaign in Missouri, he speaks of Gen. Lyon as "an able and dangerous man, who appreciated the force of audacity and quick decision in a revolutionary war, and as an unmitigated, undisguised and fanatical abolitionist." He has no praise too high for Gen. Price, and no reproaches too severe for the neglectful and insulting manner in which Jeff. Davis has treated him. He thinks it not improbable that had Price been properly supported he would have wrung Missouri from the Union.

In describing the Western Virginia campaign, in which Gens. Wise, Floyd, and Lee took part, he assails the rebel government for its improvidence, and its neglect of Floyd and Wise, and states that it was the opinion of the best military men that Rosecrans entirely outgeneralled Lee. He says that Rosecrans is esteemed at the south, one of the best generals the north has in the field.

The battle of Leesburg or Ball's Bluff, like that of Manassas, was not followed up, and, like that, it "bore no fruits but those of a confidence on the part of the south which was pernicious, because it was overweening and inactive, and a contempt for the enemy which was injurious, in proportion as it exceeded the limits of truth and justice, and reflected the self-conceits of fortune."

In passing to notice the campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee, Mr. Pollard comments with much asperity upon the lack of chivalric southern spirit in the Kentuckians. He evidently blames Gen. Crittenden for attacking at Mill Spring, the first in that series of battles so disastrous to the south. He blames the Richmond government very severely for its failure to sustain Sidney Johnson in Kentucky, and for trusting to so weak a work as Fort Henry as the only defence of the Tennessee river. He tries to excuse Floyd and Pillow for stealing out of Fort Donelson. He seems to censure Beauregard for not pushing on at Shiloh at the close of the first day's fight, when he might have annihilated Grant's army before Buell's arrival. The Indian allies, whom McIntosh raised for service in Arkansas, were evidently more trouble than help.

In no part of the history does the writer show more indignation towards the government at Richmond than in his chapter on the capture of Roanoke Island by Burnside. Gov. Wise had almost with tears in his eyes represented to the authorities the vast importance of that post, but he could get no help. A committee of congress, to whom the matter was referred, reported that Gen. Huger and Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, were to blame. Yet Benjamin made no defence, and did not resign. Nay, Davis afterwards made that very man Secretary of State. From that date, Mr. Pollard informs us, the people had their confidence weakened in the government, and trusted only in the patriotism and valor of the troops in the field. Mr. Benjamin, he says, had never been held higher than "a smart, expeditious and affable official." Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, he remarks, had been, when on our naval committee, "the butt of every naval officer in the country for his ignorance, his *sang froid*, his slow and blundering manner, and the engrossment of his mind by provisions for the gratification of his social habits." President Davis he pictures as swallowed up by imperious conceit, as playing the autocrat, reducing his cabinet officers to mere clerks, disregarding the public will, and adhering to his "defensive policy" in spite of all the warnings of terrible events.

Mr. Pollard closes his history of the first year with the fall of New Orleans, though he adds a hasty sketch of the campaign of last summer in Virginia. He thinks that these benefits were gained by the first year's war: 1. The theory of the reconstruction of the Union was made impossible. Had there been no war, there would have been, he believes, a reconstruction on the basis of concessions from the northern states. 2. It has proved a vindication of slavery. 3. It has given a new bond of union to the states composing the confederacy.

Mr. Pollard promises to continue his work. In the preface to this, the second edition, he retorts very sharply upon some of the critics of his first edition, and expresses his opinion of the "drunken patriots, cowards in epaulets, crippled toadies, and men living on the charity of Jefferson Davis," who assail him because of his criticisms of the President.

"Too big for his buisness," as the lady said to the sweep who stuck in the chimney.

Miscellaneous Items.

At one of the windows on Broadway there is on exhibition a piece of plate that attracts attention. It is a massive silver butterdish, in a crimson case. The cover of the dish has on it as an ornament, an eloborately chased cradle, which holds the figure of a child. It has been made in accordance with an old and quaint custom of the graduates of Columbia College. The butterdish is made at the expense of the graduating class, and becomes the property of the member of the class who is first the father of a child.

Some ingenious German has invented a paper cup which will completely hold a draught of the hottest liquid, and can be bought for a *pfenning*. By means of this invention the good people of Berlin take up and drink at their ease, as they go along the railroad, the cups of coffee which the comfort loving Englishmen find it impossible to swallow without scalding their throats.

All the army orders, circulars, blank forms, envelopes, &c., for the Army of the Potomac are printed at headquarters—two small portable presses and sufficiency of type being provided for the purpose. A two-horse wagon, when necessary, removes the entire establishment. This department of the Adjutant-General's office is under the charge of Lieut. Brown, of the late 23d New York Volunteers, an excellent printer. Five assistants are generally kept busy. Lieut. Brown is from St. Lawrence county, N. Y.

When part of Stoneman's forces reached the Rappahannock, they had to swim the river; and the cannon were dragged across by swimming horses!

The President has changed the sentence of Vallandigham from confinement in Fort Warren to transportation through our lines.

Adjutant General Thomas arrived at Memphis on the 11th. He had organized ten regiments of negroes, and expected to organize ten more.

Hans, who is judge of morals as well as money, says that being tender to another man's wife is not a "legal tender." We accept his opinion—though we have no interest in the question.
